



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

a long suspense, a general hush announced the approach of the procession from the cathedral. The spectacle was magnificent. One after the other, forty-seven statues of saints (who are the protectors of churches or religious bodies in Naples), followed by their respective orders or devotees, were taken round the church, and then carried back to the cathedral. As each passed the altar, the relatives of St. Januarius yelled or shrieked a prayer. The wealth expended on these statues must be immense; so great, indeed, that, though made at the expense of the several parishes of Naples, they are all kept in the cathedral, and are not permitted to leave it even for the annual fetes performed in their honour at the respective churches, unless a deposit has been made to the full amount of their value. The statue of the Archangel Michael, the special protector of Ferdinand II., was surrounded by the Regal Guard. The procession closed with the ampulla containing the blood of the Saint in a golden shrine, and under a canopy of gold and crimson cloth. It was carried by the Cardinal, and immediately preceded by the Seminarist, Municipality, gentlemen of Court, and dignitaries of the cathedral, whilst a military band followed, playing several selections from the "Traviata." Prayers were offered on the high altar by the Cardinal, who, taking the ampulla in both hands, worked it round and round. Immediately behind was a light, at which his eminence, stopping every now and then, examined the blood to ascertain if it were liquified. At each disappointment there were murmurs and shrieks, and prayers uttered. The words it was difficult to distinguish; but they generally are as follows:—

Tu sei morto per la Santa Fede,
Impetra a noi la grazia della Santa Fede,
E facci il miracolo.

If the miracle is delayed longer than usual these words are uttered:—"Faccia giallita, come tu sei dispettosa! Campione di Christo, tu sei un bello santo!" "You yellow-faced fellow, how spiteful you are! Champion of Christ, you are a pretty saint!" A little bell in twenty minutes announced that the miracle was wrought; and from doubt, remonstrance, and despair, everything was changed in a moment to rejoicing. There was a buzz of congratulation through the church. "Thankee, thankee, St. Genuarino," said a man by my side. "We shall be safe from the cholera and make plenty of wine this year," said a young priest. "Last year, sir, it took a long time to liquefy, it became indurated again, and, and—we had the cholera." We have no farther concern with this miracle than as a spectacle, and, therefore, suspend all other observations. The Neapolitan populace, who believe it most profoundly, never think of inquiring about it, and seem to have adopted the maxim of the ancient Germans—"Sanctius ac reverentius de Diis credere quam scire." The King, too, during the following week goes in state with all his court to the cathedral, to kiss the ampulla.

Correspondence.

ST. CYRIL OF JERUSALEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

SIR—As you are rather severe in your last number on an eminent Father, whose catechetical lectures have come down to us as a valuable relic of antiquity—St. Cyril of Jerusalem—I think it but fair to call your attention to some passages from his works, which show that he was as great a lover of the Holy Scriptures as you yourself profess to be. As a lover of fair play, I hope you will have no hesitation in inserting them in your next number. I remain, sir,

Your obedient servant,
SCRUTATOR.

EXTRACT FROM ST. CYRIL.

"Embrace and keep," saith this eminent Father, "the faith which is now delivered to you by the Church, TAKEN FROM ALL THE SCRIPTURES; for as all cannot read the Scriptures, but some are prevented by unskillfulness, and others by occupation, lest any soul should perish through ignorance, we comprehend the whole doctrine of faith in a few verses. * * * And this faith I commend you to have as your *viaticum* through life, and to receive nothing more besides it, not even if we ourselves should change, and speak contrary to those things which we now teach you; nor even if an opposing angel, transformed into an angel of light, should seek to lead you into error. For although we or an angel from heaven should preach unto you another Gospel besides that which you receive, let him be anathema. And what you have taken in words, retain in your memory, and TAKE THE ORIGIN (Gr. *ἀναγινωσκον*) OF EACH HEAD, at a fitting time, FROM THE DIVINE SCRIPTURES. For the sum of the faith was not composed as it pleased men, but the most important things (Gr. *καίρια*), SELECTED OUT OF ALL THE SCRIPTURES, complete one doctrine of faith. And even as the mustard seed includes many branches in a little grain, so this faith, in a few words, incloses, as in a bosom, all the knowledge of piety contained as well in the Old as in the New Testament. Behold, therefore, my brethren, and hold fast the traditions which you now receive, and write them in the breadth of your hearts.*

* Cyril Hierosol. Cat. 5. De Fide et Symbolo, p. 78.

"Who can know the deep things of God, except the Holy Spirit alone, who has dictated the divine Scriptures? And yet the Holy Spirit himself has not spoken in the Scriptures concerning the generation of the Son from the Father. Why, then, should you laboriously inquire into those things which the Holy Spirit has not written in the Scriptures? Why shouldst thou, who knowest not those things which are written, seek to penetrate what is not written? There are many questions in the divine Scriptures: we do not comprehend what is written. Wherefore should we fatigue the mind about what is not written? Let it suffice us to know that God begat his only Son."*

We readily comply with the request of our correspondent, and can assure him we have no wish to keep back any part of the writings of the Fathers, especially those relating to subjects on which all the earlier Fathers are in truth unanimous, such as the passages he has quoted from St. Cyril.

We are obliged to "Scrutator" for calling our attention to those passages, from which we think some important conclusions may be deduced.

The extract given from Cat. 5, p. 78, contains one of the most distinct statements to be found in the writings of the Fathers, that the original creed of the Church was drawn entirely from the Holy Scriptures, and is, in fact, nothing but a brief compendium of what is taught therein, and was not founded on an independent tradition orally delivered. It speaks indeed of traditions, notwithstanding their Scriptural origin, because everything contained in the Holy Scriptures was transmitted or handed down. The word tradition we could easily show is employed by the other Fathers just in the same way. It seems too obvious to require any argument to prove it, that the traditions of faith contained in the creeds, and derived entirely from the Scriptures, do not yield the slightest warrant for that kind of tradition relied on by the Church of Rome, which presumes to add new articles of faith, of which the ancient Church, even in the days of St. Cyril, had no conception, not only without warrant from the Word of God, but even against it. Again, can any one believe that St. Cyril would have spoken of the sonship of Christ as an impenetrable mystery, which no man could safely venture to explain, as he has done in the second passage cited, if he believed that there was vested in the Church a power of developing doctrines not revealed in the Holy Scriptures, as now taught by Mr. Newman, the head of the Roman Catholic University of Ireland.

We are so far from wishing to conceal such passages, or to deny that St. Cyril (with a good deal of superstition and credulity) held, theoretically at least, the same sound views of Scriptural authority as most of the Fathers in early times, that we have pleasure in adding a further passage to those to which "Scrutator" has called our attention, and which, perhaps, is still more striking than either of them. When treating of the Holy Spirit, St. Cyril says:—"Let us speak only those things which are written; if anything be not written, let us not curiously seek to know it. THE HOLY SPIRIT HIMSELF HAS UTTERED THE SCRIPTURES; He has said whatever He chose concerning Himself, and all that we were able to receive. Let us speak, therefore, those things which are dictated by Himself, for what he has not said, we dare not."†

We would entreat our friend Mr. Power, who attaches so much weight to St. Cyril's authority, to weigh well the foregoing passages, and honestly say whether he believes that if St. Cyril had been at Rome on the 8th of last December, he would have dared to promulgate a new doctrine which the Holy Spirit has not uttered in the Scriptures, and which was unknown to the whole Church for, at least, twelve centuries.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

SIR—As you seem desirous of noticing the Roman Catholic literature of the day, allow me to invite your attention to a handsomely got up volume, printed by Charles Dolman, New Bond-street, entitled "*Legends of the Blessed Virgin*," collected from authentic sources. By J. Collin De Plancey. Translated from the French.

The translator, in his preface, apologizes for the title under which the sacred narratives which compose it are introduced. "Legends," or readings, are pieces of sacred literature (*legenda*, "to be read" as distinct from things *credenda*, or *agenda*, "to be believed or done"), not matters of faith, and, therefore, not of precept; but edifying narratives, which the faithful may read with profit, and which may, by God's blessing, be the means of arresting the attention of others to the marvels of the spiritual world. The volume contains, among other marvellous legends, that of the Holy House of Loreto, which, as you have already so fully examined its pretensions to be placed among the "*credenda*," or things "to be believed," I shall not occupy your time further with it.

Perhaps, however, you may find space to transcribe the following specimen of the edifying narrations contained in the book, which is taken verbatim from pp. 4-6.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

A CONSTANT READER.

* Ib. Cat. 11. De Filio Dei, p. 181.
† Cat. 16. De Spiritu Sancto, p. 244.

THE SPARROW.

"Sancta Maria." "Holy Mary." Holy Mary! How many charming legends are attached to the sweet name of Mary! Here is one which is generally regarded as a pious tale or parable.—

"In the early ages of Christianity, a pious solitary, great in the sight of God, but little known to men (though St. Bernard twice preached his panegyric, and composed the office for his festival), lived on the borders of the Aube, in a forest of Champagne. The ancient Gauls had here worshipped one of their gloomy divinities, for whom the Romans had substituted Saturn. The spot was thence called *Saturniacum*, when the solitary, whose name was Victor de Plancey came there, and built a chapel and a small hermitage.

"Numerous miraculous events followed this work. Among the most surprising were conversions, by which souls sold to perdition were redeemed to heaven; and hearts once frozen by egotism, and corrupted by vicious practices, were inflamed with charity, and brought forth such flowers of virtue as even the world is constrained to admire—phenomena which perplex the mind, but are easily explained by faith.

"The saint felt that the hours which he passed alone in his cell were the sweetest of his life. The only living creature near him was a tame sparrow, which he fed and cherished, regarding him as the emblem of solitude. Tenderly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, the holy hermit invoked her incessantly, and the only words he uttered aloud were, *Ave Maria*!

"Long accustomed to hear these words, and only these words, the sparrow learned to form them; and great (as may be imagined) was the joy of the recluse the first time the bird flew on his shoulder and cried in his ears, *Ave Maria*!

"At first imagining some holy spirit had come on a divine mission, the saint fell on his knees in reverence; but the bird continuing to chirp *Ave Maria! Ave Maria!* soon made him aware of the real source of those sweet sounds. The bird, from an innocent distraction, became a friend—almost a brother—a praying creature of God! He redoubled his care of him, and henceforth his solitude was agreeably enlivened.

"The modest bird, to whom the people gave the name of 'the little monk,' seemed on his part to share his master's joy. At the dawn of day his first cry was, *Ave Maria!* When Victor threw him his crumbs, the little bird sang a *grace of Ave Marias*; and on the hermit kneeling to his devotions, the bird would perch on his shoulder and softly whisper, *Ave Maria*!

"Victor cultivated a small garden. Could he for one instant have lost sight of the constant object of his thoughts, the faithful sparrow, on a tree, would have instantly recalled it by his *Ave Maria*!

"The Christians of the country, who came to consult the holy hermit in their troubles and doubts, much esteemed the little bird; and, on saluting them with his little prayer, they could not consider it to be otherwise than a miraculous favour, accorded to the solitary by our Blessed Lady.

"The sparrow, when free, took short flights into the country; and, when the hermit, in his meditative walks, had rambled further than his wont from his cell, he was sure to be reminded by the bird chirping an *Ave Maria*!

"One day in spring, as Victor lay ill upon his mat, he opened the window of his cell, and his little friend flew out, as was his custom. A few minutes afterwards, Victor was alarmed at seeing a sparrow-hawk pursuing his favourite. The bird of prey opened his beak, and spread his talons to seize and devour the poor sparrow, when the little bird, almost feeling the sharp claws of his enemy, screamed out *Ave Maria*! At this wonder, the hawk, startled and terrified, arrested his course, and the gentle sparrow had time to reach the cell; and, falling on the breast of Victor, faintly chirped an *Ave Maria*! and died."

[Ed.—From what authentic sources Mons. Collin de Plancey derived this pious tale, unless he be a lineal descendant from the holy hermit (whose surname, we observe, he bears), and has received it by unerring family tradition, from "the early ages of christianity!" we are at a loss to conceive, and should, indeed, almost suspect that the writer was desirous of bringing "Legends of Mary" into ridicule, by commencing with such an unedifying fable, if the very next chapter in his "*Legends*," was not one on the Council of Ephesus, in which St. Cyril of Alexandria, presided. We feel obliged to our friend for the volume, which we shall, probably, at a future period mention again.]

PADRE GIULIO ARRIGONI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

(Translated from the Italian.)

MR. EDITOR—Reading to-day your most interesting journal, I was much delighted with the article, entitled "An Enlightened Roman Catholic Bishop." What your correspondent states as to the nature of his preaching is only the exact truth. He never used to speak of the Virgin or the saints, and when occasionally obliged to make some panegyric on them, he always invited his hearers only to imitate the virtues of Mary and the saints, but not to adore

them. His sermons were full of texts from the Scriptures, which, contrary to the usage of the Romish Church, he always cited in Italian. The Archbishop of Florence, the same who now causes those to be put in prison who read the Bible, ordered him to quote the passages from the Scriptures in Latin. Arrigoni obeyed; but after the citation in Latin, he repeated the same text in Italian. I was then a collegian, studying theology, to become, eventually, a priest. His sermons led me to study the Word of God, and I may say they were even one of the means which God made use of to liberate me from the darkness of Romanism, and to lead me, step by step, to the knowledge of Jesus Christ as my only Saviour.

I caused to be printed, in Florence, a sonnet in praise of this celebrated orator, which was sold about the streets of the city, and in the neighbourhood of the cathedral.

The following is the sonnet:—

"Dappoi che in Flora il tuo parlar s'udio
Veste un nuovo fulgor l'ALTARE e il TRONO:
E chino a terra, smascherato, il rio
Vizio stramazza di tua voce al suono.

Tuonor tuoi detti, ed in profondo oblio
Gli odii, le risse, e le vendette sono.
Tra preghi e l'ire provocate Iddio
Ferma il vento, la pioggia, il lampo, il tuono.

Mentre dai vita agli ispirati accenti
Freme l'inferno debellato e vinto
Al vibrar de' tuoi fulmini eloquenti.

Salve, eccelsor orator, di mille onori
Ti ammantì l'arbe, perche il ciel ti ha cinto
La fronte giovenil di eterni allori."

The verse I have underlined compromised me.* I was expelled from the college, and exposed to persecution. This circumstance made me reflect, and from one circumstance to another I was led, finally, to abandon Rome and to embrace the Gospel. It is now, by the grace of God, 14 years that I labour in the vineyard of the Lord—to Him be the glory and the honour.

I remain yours faithfully,
SALVATORE FERRETTI.

WHY ARE THE PRIESTS AGAINST INQUIRY?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

MR. EDITOR.—As I was coming from the fair last week, I met Jerry; and, says I, "have you got the Douay Bible yet?" "No," says he; "I searched every shop in Keelovenogue, and never a one could I get for love or money. There were plenty of 'the Glories of Mary' and 'the Garden of the Soul,' and 'the Key of Heaven,' and 'the Path to Paradise,' but the never a Bible; but," says he, "I'll get one before long, if I have to send to Cork for it." "And," says I, "what makes you so eager to get it when your clergy are warning you against it?" "Why," says he, "the life is fairly worn out of me on account of it; for every dirty little spalpeen of a Protestant throws it in my face; and," says he, "sure it's in your own Bible; and," says he, "sure your own Bible says so; and," says he, "don't you know your own Bible?" and I knowing no more about it than if there wasn't such a book in the world; and, besides," says he, "what the minister says is true, 'twill do our religion no harm to examine it; and it's myself thinks 'twould be a poor religion if it wouldn't stand examination; and," says he, "some things happened lately that have set me on more for examining our religion than that ever I was." "What things?" says I. "Why," says he, "the great Father Ignatius was here lately, preaching in the chapel, and two Protestants came to hear him; but Father John wouldn't let them in. So the minister wrote to Father Ignatius next day, asking him to give a public lecture, that Protestants might attend, and offering him the use of a room any evening he wished, but he wouldn't hear of it, and ran out of the town that very day. I thought to myself if the arguments he gave us in the chapel were any good he needn't be afraid to let Protestants hear them; and, when the minister afterwards spoke to us about it, old Dan Hurley defended him by saying, 'that he was in too great a hurry to stop to lecture; and then the parson began to laugh; and,' says he, 'boys, that's the real truth, he was in too great a hurry; and,' says he, 'it's a queer thing that your priests always seem to be in a hurry when we ask them to come forward with the Douay Bible, and prove their religion.'" "Well," says I, "that's a sore cut, and we haven't a word to say against it, for it's too true." "But," says Jerry, "I've worse to tell you yet. A few days since, old Dan met the parson in the street, and began about Henry VIII. being the first Protestant, and about 'Ward's Cantos,' and 'where was your religion before Luther; and we all gathered to listen to them, and they began about the new doctrine the Pope has put on us; and Dan asked the parson why he wouldn't believe the Immaculate Conception? and the parson said, because he couldn't find it in the Bible; and he asked Dan whether St. Peter knew all about the Virgin? and Dan allowed that, of course he did, seeing that he lived at the same time, and was with her constantly. 'Then,' says the minister, 'isn't it a queer thing that St. Peter doesn't say one word about the Immaculate Conception?' 'But,' says Dan,

'new things are learned every day, and maybe 'tis only now it's discovered.' 'Well,' says the minister, 'I don't think it likely that anything could be found out now about her that wasn't known when the apostles wrote; and,' says he, 'do any of you remember the good old minister that was here some years ago?' 'We do, well,' says several of the boys. 'And do you think,' says the parson, 'that, in 1800 years, any person would be able to give a better description of him than you could now? or do you think that, in 1800 years, anything will be found out about him that isn't known now?' Well, the boys allowed that it would be foolish to suppose such a thing; and, says the minister, 'isn't it just as foolish to suppose that anything could be discovered now about the Virgin Mary that wasn't known to the apostles who lived at the same time with her?' "What did the boys say to that?" says I. "Why," says Jerry, "we hadn't a word to say against it; but I'm coming to the worst of it now. The parson began to talk about the priests never coming forward, and Dan tried to defend them; for says he, 'they have too much to do, but I'm ready to meet you myself any day you like.' Well, the boys gave a cheer for him, and the minister made him fix the day before them all; so, when the day came near, the parson sent to him, asking what doctrine he would discuss; but Dan had got frightened, and wished to back out; but he had pledged himself before a large crowd, and both Catholics and Protestants were expecting it; so he was ashamed to say plainly that he wouldn't come forward; but what does he do but sends the minister word that he was ready and willing to meet him, but only on condition that no person should be allowed to be present at the discussion; that they two were to go into a room by themselves, and argue, without any person hearing them." "Well, Jerry," says I, "that's the meanest thing I ever heard. If Dan was afraid to meet the parson he should have said so honestly, but that was a dirty way of getting out of it." "True, for you," says Jerry, "and we were all ashamed of it; but, bad as that is, there's worse to come." "What could be worse?" says I. "Why," says he, "when the parson got Dan's message he was mighty vexed; and he wrote down to Father John, telling the whole matter, and asking him to take Dan's place, and defend the doctrines of his Church before an equal number of Catholics and Protestants; but when Father John's servant heard that the letter was from the parson, she wouldn't take it at all; and then the parson printed some papers on it, showing that Father John's servant wouldn't refuse a letter addressed to her master if he hadn't put her up to it." "Jerry," says I, "bad as the rest was, that beats all; sure 'twas true for the minister, the servant wouldn't refuse the letter unless her master had given her orders." "That's the plain truth," says Jerry, "and we can't look a Protestant in the face since; we're clean beat out of the field; we haven't a word left in us." "But," says I, "why didn't you get Humphrey to come forward, for the credit of the Church?" "Well," says he, "there's another bad story about that; Humphrey's gone!" "Gone!" says I; "what made him go?" "I'll tell you," says he; "while Humphrey came forward at the lectures to argue with the parson, all the boys in the town went to listen; they used to be packed as thick in the room as herrings in a barrel; and the minister had five minutes, and then Humphrey five minutes, to argue, and so on, for a couple of hours each night, and all Father John could do he couldn't keep the boys from it." "Did he try?" says I. "He did," says Jerry, "and there was the finest play-acting you ever seen, one Sunday in chapel on the head of it." "What play-acting?" says I. "Why," says he, "Father John made a plan with some of the old people that he would give the boys a fright, by pretending to curse them, and then the old people were to beg them off. So the next Sunday, Father John read out from the altar the names of the boys that were most forward in the business, and let on that he was going to curse them at once, so with that the old people came up and began to beg them off. 'No,' says Father John, 'if St. Patrick himself was to ask me, I wouldn't listen to him.' Well, they begged and besought him to let them off this once. 'By this and by that,' says he, 'if all the saints in the calendar were to intercede for them, I wouldn't let them off.' Well, the old women began to screech, and the children began to bawl, and such a howl you never heard as they set up; at last he began to soften a little, and in the end he let them off for that time." "And," says I, "were the boys much frightened?" "No," says he; "for I was told that one of them overheard the priest making up the plan with his father the night before; so they were only grinning all the time, for they knew how 'twould end." "But," says I, "what has that to say to Humphrey?" "Why," says he, "I'm coming to it as fast as I can; you see," says he, "when this didn't stop the boys going to the lectures, Father John saw that the only plan was to stop Humphrey from coming forward; for as long as he argued, the boys would go to listen." "And," says I, "how did he get Humphrey to stop?" "Well," says he, "I was present when the minister one day asked Humphrey why he had stopped coming." "Well," says Humphrey, "the truth is, I'm under a promise to Father John not to argue any more; he sent for me one day, and, says he, 'Humphrey, I beg of you not to argue any more with the minister; and,' says he, 'I make this request, not for my own sake, but for God's sake;' and," says Humphrey, "he spoke to me as pitiful as a child," and

entreated me to give him a promise; so I had to pledge myself not to argue any more." "Well, Jerry," says I, "Father John was brought very low when he had to speak in that way to Humphrey." "True for you," says Jerry; "but he would have gone on his knees to him if it would stop the discussion." "But," says I, "what was he afraid of? sure Humphrey spoke right well, and gave the minister word for word." "Well," says Jerry, "I'm thinking it wasn't the minister Father John was afraid of, but the discussion itself; for the boys were getting such a liking for it that nothing could stop them from looking for Bibles and books on controversy; and I heard the minister allow that there were many priests as clever as the Protestant ministers, and as well able to speak, and that 'tisn't the ministers they're afraid of, but the spirit of inquiry that would rise among the boys." "Well," says I, "there's some truth in that, for the priests are greatly against inquiry; but," says I, "you haven't told me yet about Humphrey leaving the town." "Well," says Jerry, "he stayed very quiet for some time, and never came forward at the lectures; but Father John felt afraid that he would begin again, as he had a great liking for discussion, and, moreover, the boys used to make a good collection for him after each argument; so he sent him off out of the place entirely, and that's how it came to pass that we couldn't get him to argue with the minister." "Well, Jerry," says I, "I've been thinking a deal about why our priests won't meet the ministers; and, I think, what Father John says must be the truth, that such holy men wouldn't be up and down with the likes of them." "Don't believe that," says Jerry; "for I can tell you, though the priests pretend that 'tisn't worth their while to argue with the minister, still they're fairly vexed about it, they're at their wit's end to know what to do; and," says he, "Father Ned, in the next parish, spoke from the altar about it, and had one of the minister's papers in his hand, and he defended the priests for not coming forward, and that doesn't look as if they cared nothing about it." "And what reasons did he give?" says I. "Well," says Jerry, "he said to the people that wasn't afraid of the ministers they were, but that their bishops wouldn't let them enter into discussion." "And," says I, "were the people satisfied?" "Well," says he, "the old people were quite satisfied, but the young people who had some spirit of inquiry weren't satisfied at all; 'for,' says they, 'he doesn't tell us why the bishops forbid it; and,' says Jerry, "its fretting me to say that even the Turks and Heathens have something to say for their religion, but we aren't allowed to speak a word for ours; and, if we ask the priest a question, it's only 'heretic,' and 'souper,' and 'jumper,' we get for our pains; and," says he, "I'm sure what the minister says is true, that many of the young priests would be ready and willing to dispute, but the old ones, who have more sense, won't let them; and," says he, "I can't help thinking it a bad sign of a religion to be so much afraid of inquiry; and," says he, "the Protestants aren't afraid of inquiry; they tell us to examine their religion, and try it by the Word of God; but," says he, "it's a bad sign of anything when it won't stand examination; and," says he, "that's why I'm so eager to get the Bible to examine for myself; for," says he, "if there isn't something wrong, why are the priests so much against inquiry; and," says he, "if we're wrong, I'm very sure the priests won't bear our punishment hereafter; and," says he, "I can't get that verse out of my head that we heard at Ned Bryan's—'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?'" "Well, Mr. Editor, I wasn't so much against Jerry getting the Douay Bible as I was; for, surely, these things are enough to make us anxious to examine our religion; and, though I wouldn't touch a Bible myself for half Ireland, still I'd like to hear something out of it; and, if Jerry got it, he'd tell me what he found in it, and I wouldn't come under the priest's curse, for he didn't think of forbidding that.

Your humble servant to command,

DAN CATHY.

FARMING OPERATIONS FOR AUGUST.

HARVESTING the corn crops should almost exclusively engage the farmer's attention this and the succeeding month.

Cabbages are becoming, like the parsnips and carrots, as much a farming crop as it has been hitherto a garden one; it will be, therefore, necessary that sowings of these valuable crops be made as early in the month as possible. Early York, Wellington, nonpareil, Fulham, or Vanack, some for planting out early in October, to come in early; the greater portion should be kept over for planting out in February and March for a general crop. The drumhead, green Savoy, hundred-headed cabbage, and borecole, for planting out during the spring months, for a general late crop.

Laying down with Clover and Grass Seeds.—This month is the best in the year for laying down with permanent grass seeds. There are many chances against spring-sown seeds; but those sown at this season have everything in their favour. The ground should be well pulverized and thoroughly cleaned for their reception. A little rapeseed may be sown amongst grass seeds at this period with advantage—say about 4 lbs. per Irish acre, if the land be rich; if poor, double that quantity may be sown.

* "Since thy preaching was heard in Florence
A new lustre invests the altar and the throne."

* His own words.